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MY FIRST BUFFALO HUNT

By T. R. Armstrong

"That whole vast herd was coming toward us on the run."

M. A. DONOHUE & Co.
Chicago New York

A FOREWORD:

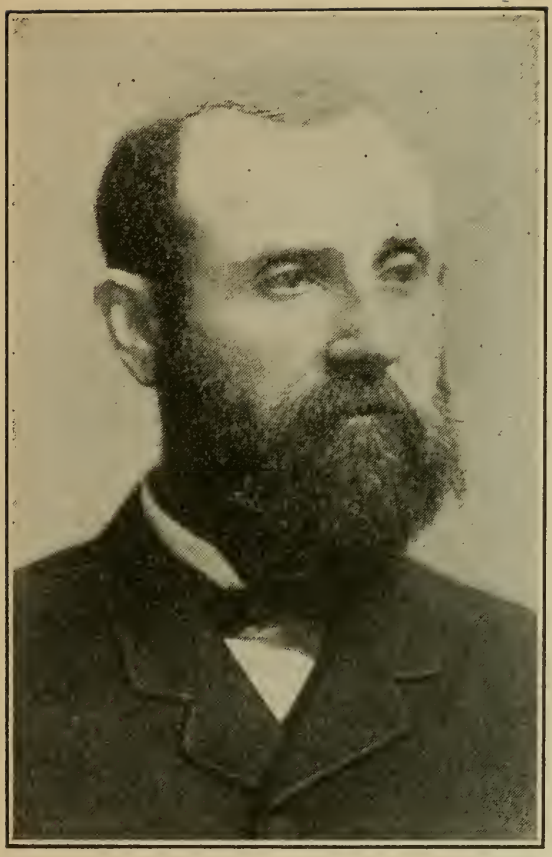
IN presenting this booklet to the public it is proper to state that in "Buffalo Days" much has been written about their enormous abundance.

One writer in the early seventies said he saw a closely massed herd of buffalo between the Platte and Republican rivers, so vast that it could not be estimated in numbers, and that as far as he could see on every side and ahead the hills were dotted with dark forms in one continuous mass for miles and miles.

Describing the abundance of buffalo in the old days, an Indian once said, *"The country was one robe."* Only those who have seen such immense herds can credit the stories told about them, for even a truthful account, seems like a fable to those who have never been on the "plains". Often such herds were frightened into a stampede, by white or Indian hunters. Reader, what would you have done if you had been there in front of that maddened moving mass, at such a time and—afoot?

The story tells what the writer did.

THE AUTHOR.



THE AUTHOR

THOS. R. ARMSTRONG
As he appeared ten years after the Hunt.

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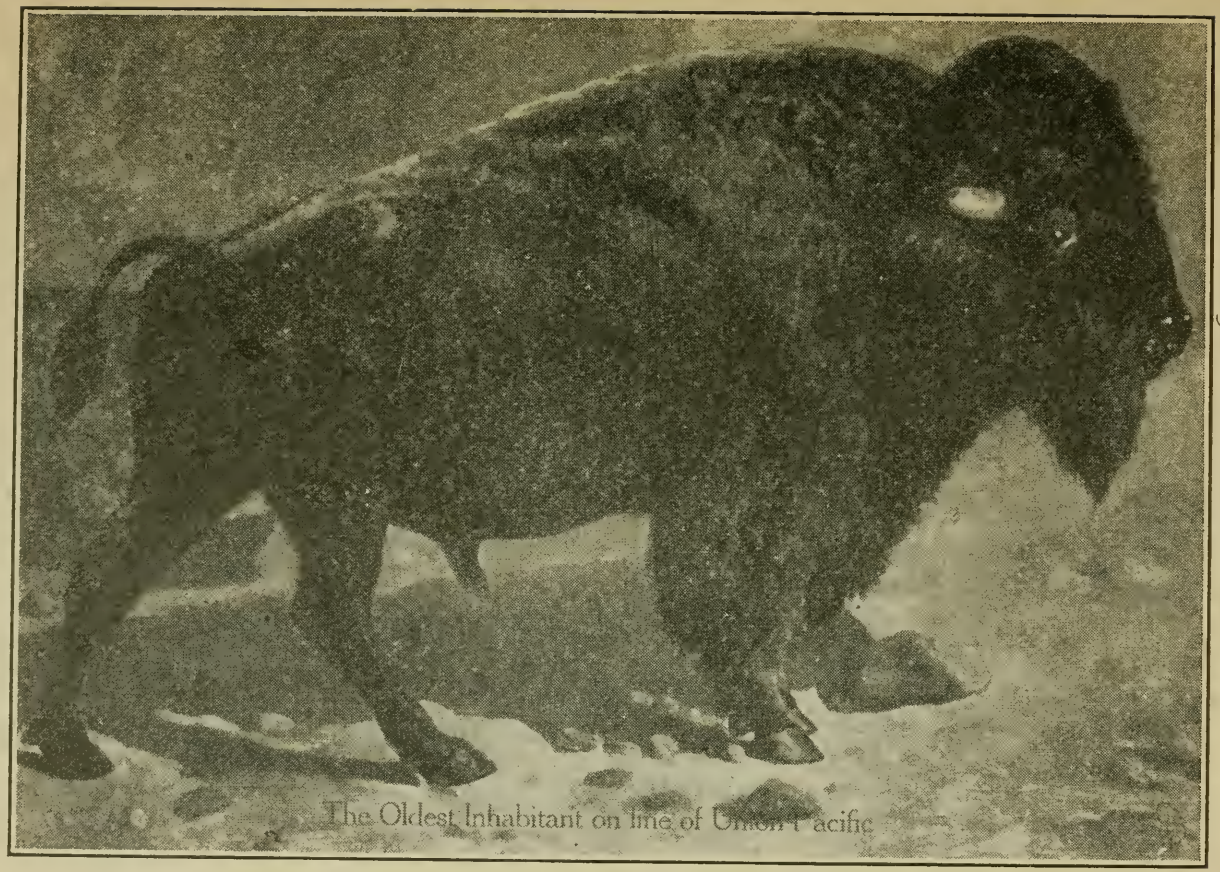
"Our Mutual Friend from Kentucky,"
As he appeared 10 years after the Hunt.



"But Monsters all—and that explains why I felt wobbly in the knees."

My First Buffalo Hunt.

CANTO I.

June, eighteen hundred seventy four,
I stood beside *Arickaree,**
And saw its sparkling waters pour,
In grandeur outward for the sea.

A charming landscape was outspread,
Beneath a dome of azure blue,
While shimmering sunbeams overhead,
Disclosed the glory of each hue.

No fairer spot it seemed to me,
Could e'er be found beneath the skies,
Unspoiled by man, such scenery,
An *artist* would most highly prize.

Two companions, there were with me,
One, a true type, of Southern grace,
No truer friend, in need than he,
Of splendid form, with handsome face.

"Kentucky blood," and that the best,
From the "Old Stock," flowed in his veins,
And seeing him, you would have guessed,
He was a Knight, or one who reigns.

So noble was his poise of head,
And graceful too—his dress was neat,
"Proud Man!" you say, ah no, instead,
He was a *gentleman,* complete.

Kentucky then, of him was *proud*—
For his, was *famous ancestry,*
Their names and deeds, books' pages crowd,
Which prove him heir, of *Chivalry.*

*A beautiful river of "the plains."

His wealth was ample and his mind
With college lore was filled; his style
Was of the unassuming kind—
But best of all, he had no guile.

He's living yet, so I am told—
Away out West beyond the "plains,"
Whereon we hunted—mining gold,
I trust he'll find, the richest gains,

To compensate him, for his toil
And patience: should he see these lines,
Perhaps they'll stop him from his moil,
To rest awhile beside his mines,

And scan the more than forty years,
That's intervened, since *then* and *now*,
I'd say to him, "I've shed some tears
Meanwhile—have *wrinkles* on my brow.

I've not forgotten you, my friend,
Through all those years that's come and gone;
Those distant days, enchantments lend,
To reminiscent pictures, drawn."

The other was a Plains-man old,
And a *"dead shot,"* 'twas said of him,
Around our fires, the tales he told,
Wrought on our nerves, by shadows dim.

Of Indian raids and wolves' attack,
He would our evening hours beguile—
Perhaps our blankets would unpack,
And note our torture, with a smile.

Or from a *"keg"* he'd brought along,
Of *"inspiration"** draw enough,
To dance a jig, or sing a song,
And then "turn in"—oh! he was rough

*"An antidote for rattle-snake bite," the old man said.

Apparently; but for a friend,
His, was just like a woman's heart—
Would die, if need be, to defend
His honor, or take his part.

"Old Captain Bang, our one-eyed guide," in his buckskin pants.

He had one eye,—the other lost
Fighting, with Red Men, of the plains,
And if those Red Men, his path crossed—
The wolves took charge of their remains.

And when he after them gave chase,
Both whip and spur, he then applied;
His one eye brightened and his face,
Lit up the valley and hillside.

He never could them, quite forgive,
For *"blowing out his lamp;"* he said,
"I'll take thar scalps, long as I live
And scare 'em, as a ghost—when dead."

He'd follow deer or buffalo,
Afoot or horse-back, weary hours;
Was not estopped by rain or snow,
Nor, seemed aware of lessening powers.

And when by his *unerring aim,*
The quarry lay low at his feet,
He'd build a fire beside his game,
And then proceed, to cook and eat.

For, often from the early morn,
He'd ranged the prairies far and near,
His only drink, "John-Barley-Corn,"
Its giving out, his only fear.

And when the day was fully spent,
'Round him his blanket he would roll,
Beside his fire lie down content,
And let "The Wild" have full control.

"My Winchester, *is my best friend,"*
He said—and *called* it by that *name*—
"She will at all times me defend,
And, keep my larder full of game.

When redskins try my scalp to take,
She never fails me at that time,
When I'm asleep, she is awake,
And always ready and in prime.

She loves me more, than did a wife,
She is the pardner of my joys,
She seems, to me, a thing of life,
Now this is true; believe me boys.

Some day my body, will grow cold
In death; that fact can't be denied,
And this, I have, to some friends told,
I want her buried by my side.

Who knows, but that will be for aye,
While this old earth shall make her rounds?
Maybe, there'll come another day,
Upon some happy hunting grounds."

CANTO II.

One morning, in the early dawn,
We held a council for the chase,
The prairie 'round, seemed like a lawn,
With countless flowers on its face,

With here and there a buffalo—
Some *bunches,* now and then, appeared,
Skirmishers there, which went to show,
We were approaching the *Main Herd.*

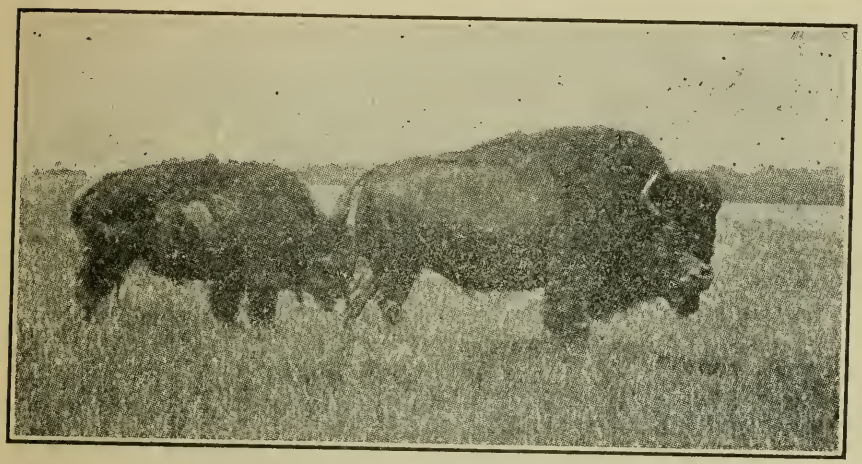
Never before, we boys had seen,
The shaggy *"Monarchs of the plains,"*
Some of them fat, and others lean,
But, *Monsters* all—and that explains,

Why I felt wobbly in the knees;
And as with ague, then I shook—
I looked around—there were no trees
To climb; in sight, no covert nook.

We sure had reached the hunting ground,
Where roamed the bison, free as air,
And deer and antelope were found,
In numbers *great* and *everywhere.*

Soon the herd was growing bigger—
"Why don't you shoot?" our captain said;
Ah! I could not pull a trigger—
Three minutes more—and I had fled.

Our old frontier's man raised his head,
And cast his one eye on the scene,
Then with his Winchester, he "led"—
A lovely doe, dropped on the green.



"Some of them fat and others lean."

Then bringing his *"best friend"*
Upon a bunch of buffalo,
She rang three times upon the air,
And three *"Monarchs"* were lying low.

Can you imagine what occurred?
Above the roar made by that gun,
Ten thousand times, that whole vast herd,
Was coming toward us on the run.

And from all sides, for miles around,
It seemed an earthquake shook the ground.
It rocked and trembled, till my *s'leen*
Was running quite, my whole machine

As one at sea, when billows roll,
And on the foam has *poured his soul,*
So, by such feelings, sore distressed,
I, *gave up all that I possessed.*

'Twas not the trembling, of the earth,
That caused me to regret my birth,
But 'twas my *fright,* that came so quick,
Which made me then, so *deathly sick.*

But low above, and over all,
A cloud of dust hung, like a pall,
The herd was hidden from my sight,
And day had given place to night.

While cries of fear, were on my lips,
The sun came back, from that eclipse,
And in the light, made by the rift,
I got away with movements swift.

A thunder storm with pounding hail—
A cyclone, twisting in *its* gale,
Ten avalanches in a row,
And *scores* of blizzards flying snow—

Were all combined—would seem as still,
As an old graveyard, on the hill,
Would seem as still? It would indeed,
When as compared—to that *stampede.*

* * * * *

Where was my friend from old Kaintuck,
While those wild creatures *run amuck?*
Was by my side, when they began!
Why, he was *one who also ran.*

Out-ran me to a wild wolf's den,
Under a bank, close by the fen,
And out of breath, was lying prone,
Securely there, and all alone.

I did not wait for him to say,
"Come in and visit me today,"
But to his body stept inside,
And found a chamber long and wide!

Not high, but there was standing room,
  And soon I saw amid the gloom,
Some treasures which you all would prize—
  While other things there met my eyes,—

Which being there, mute witness gave,
  That we were in a robber's cave,
And not the den of a wild beast—
  Some *rendezvous* to say the least.

The Author Giving Public Readings of His Hunt

A mass of *dollars,* hard as rocks!
  Were half concealed within a box!
And as some passed, my hands between,
  My eyes were dazzled, by their sheen.

Then as my fears began to rise,
  That we might meet with a surprise,
Which we'd not reckoned on before—
  A shadow fell, within the door!

I whispered to my friend, "Arise,
We'll soon be butchered here as spies,
We are entrapt, in this vile den,
And ne'er will see our homes again."

Great Daniel Boone!! He sprang upright,
And in his eyes, there came a light,
That drove the darkness there away—
He seemed like a wild beast, at bay.

His face was pale, but not from fear,
He'd past that stage, which had been near,
Determination, by his look,
Could then be read, as in a book.

His flashing eyes were cast around—
Grabbed his repeater from the ground,
Quick at full cock, the hammer hung,
His finger to the trigger clung.

Again, a shadow crossed the hole,
A human form therein-at-stole,
Then, "young Kentucky" showed his blood,
As in stern tones, came out this flood.

"Lie down, you dirty dog"—he said,
"Or I will fill you full of lead,
If you attempt to raise your gun,
Your race in life is fully run."

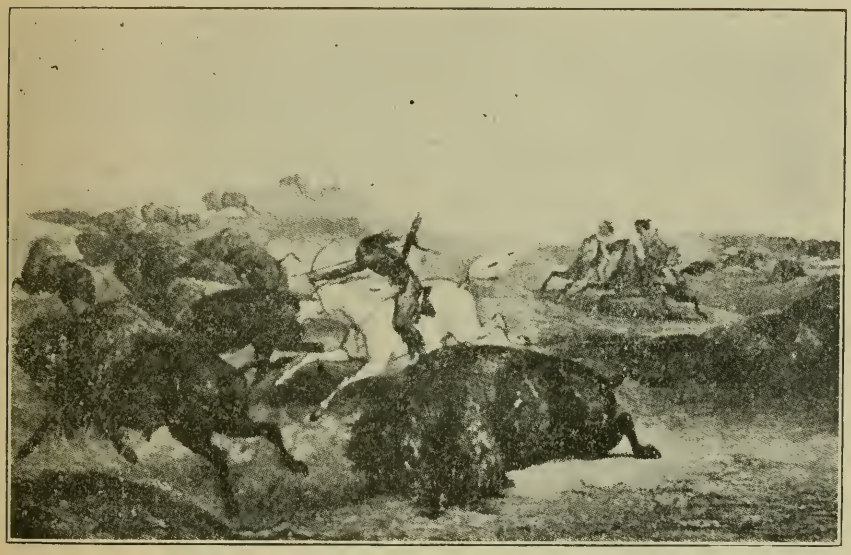
I stood in horror, *cold as ice,*
And tried to speak then, once or twice,
But not a sound, in my distress,
And there! I lost all consciousness.

CANTO III

When I "came to," there by my side,
Were my true friend; our one eyed guide,
Who by their efforts—those two men,
Had brought me back, to earth again.

"You's scairt to death," our captain said,
As 'gainst his knees, I leaned my head,
"And Kaintuck thar, a hour ago,
Scairt me to death, or nearly so.

Ah! never in my life before,
Had I approached, so near the shore,
Of the unknown—the border-land,
When I complied, with his demand.



"Them Injuns Claim We Have No Right."

Fer in the dark, I couldn't see,
The one who had just spoke to me,
But from his tones, I knowed quite well,
I'd better to lie down a spell.

I felt thar, was but one choice—
I did not recornize his voice,
But when I shouted, Do not shoot!
He recornized, this old Galoot.

And then he rushed to me and said,
'You're not a robber, but instead,
My dear old friend. Our Captain Bang—'
Then this yer cave with gladness rang.

He kindly raised me to a seat,
  Knocked off the dirt, down to my feet,
His arms around my neck, he flung,
  And like a lover thar he clung,

"That Red Cloud is a Sly Old Fox"

Beggin' my parding for his act,
  (Which would have been my death in fact,
If I'd not tumbled at his call,
  And throwed my gun against the wall.)

His arms, then gently, I unclasped,
With my right hand, his own I grasped,
And said, my friend, you're not to blame,
In your place, I'd a done the same.

With these surroundin's, as they air,
To enter here, would be a bair,
To anyone, who this way wends,
Unless I knowed, all war my friends.

And then I said, Where is the boy?—
Your pardner, out from eelinoy?*
Was he run over by the herd?
And then my sight was kinder blurred.

Caused by the thought, you might be crushed,
In that wild storm, as on it rushed,
I blamed myself, that you two boys,
Had tried to outrun that'ar noise.

I should have told you what to do—
To stay by me, I'd see you through—
Almost sure death, to one who runs
In a *stampede*; stand by your guns,

And if the mob bears down on you,
The only thing fer you to do,
To save yourself (upon my word)
Shoot quick, at leaders of the herd.

Pour into 'em a full broad-side,
And that will cause 'em to divide,
Into two columns—and around
You, thar will be a strip of ground,

Quite wide enough, you may depend,
To give you breathin' room, my friend;
And that is just the thing I done—
They kep' dividin' on the run.

*The author is a native of Illinois.

And jumpin' side-ways left and right—
Oh Boys! it war a purty sight,
To watch 'em bowin' thar to me,
As if to say, 'Good Bye'—you see?

"And Spotted Tail in Feathers Full."

Thar tails, fer banners, rose and fell—
A wavin' me. 'Farewell, Farewell.'—
Thar's nothing more, could me amuse,
As *I returned* thar kind 'Adieus.'

I kep' a pumpin' my best friend,
Until she had no more to send,
She failed to kick and then I seen,
I'd emptied her whole magazine.

I didn't need no more—at last,
That panarammer then was past,
And I begin to look around,
To see, if you boys, could be found.

I hunted 'long that marshy place,
But seemed I couldn't git no trace
Wharby, to find you—bless you soul!
Until I tumbled in this hole."

CANTO IV

While he was talking thus, to me,
Our *mutual friend,* from Kentucky,
Had left awhile, the cave to rove—
And soon he'd found my *Treasure-Trove.*

His eyes were still a shining bright,
But with a diff'rent kind of light,
From that they had an hour before,
When Death seemed standing at the door.

And then he said, "My friends I've found
A fortune, as I looked around,
In this old cave. Now come with me
And I am sure you will agree—"

Just then from the out-side—Bang! Bang!
While scores of guns in chorus rang,
And with the roar—an awful yell!
(Like Demons just let loose from—Mexico.)

We all three ran toward the door,
But Captain Bang was in the fore,
And looking round, bade us return,
Till he could 'somethin' furder learn.'

He soon came back and with a smile
Said, "We will here remain awhile,
Two Indian tribes, out thar, have met,
And had a *'scrap'*—air fightin' yet.

"Chief Sitting Bull in Feathers Full."

One tribe's Pawnee, the other Siou,
And they are both good fighters too,
They air well matched, but Chief Red Cloud,
Is at the head of the Siou crowd.

I also saw Chiefs Settin' Bull,
And Spotted Tail, in feathers full,
Along with Red Cloud and his band,
And lendin' 'em a helpin' hand.

That Red Cloud, is a sly old fox,
He'll give them Pawnees, some hard knocks
Before it ends; I'm not surprised
That he is fightin' undisguised.

Fer, he strikes terror to the hearts,
Of redskins found, around these parts,
The Otoes run, if him they see,
But that's not so with the Pawnee.

Fer he's as brave and cunnin' scamp,
As ever carried scalps to camp,
They'll give them Sioux a real 'Ghost-Dance'
If only they, have half a chance.

I'd like to leap into that *fray*
And raise some scalps! What did you say?
"Don't leave you boys?" No, I'll stay whar
I am until the coast is clar;

I mout git killed! Then what of you?
Whar would you go? What would you do?
With them red rascals harabout,
They'd kill, or capture you, no doubt.

And of the latter 'tis their law,
To make you marry, some young squaw,
And should you have a *promised* bride,
She would be humbled in her pride.

To larn a Minnie haw! haw! *sprout,*
Had over-reached, and *'Cut her out,'*
Them laughin' gals, enjoy such tricks,
They with the pale-face love to mix.

Although oft-times, it shows poor taste,
They'll *jump the broomstick,* in great haste,
And that's the reason, now and then,
You see them fellers, called *'Squaw-Men'*.

I once was ONE, but am ashamed
To tell it; but should not be blamed,
Fer livin' near 'em, when quite young,
I larned to talk in their own tongue.

And when arrived to man's estate,
A Ha! Ha! maid became my mate,
She was the daughter of a chief;
And *purty,* too, past all belief.

Light-hearted as the birds that sing!
Hair, as black as the raven's wing!
Teeth, white as pearl, and eyes that shone
Like diamonds from Victoria's throne!"

Right there, the old man bowed his head,
And (*seemingly unconscious*) said,
"'Twas—long—a-go—seems—yes-ter-day,
She—from—my—wig-wam—went—a-way."

Quick changed his features to *disdain!*
And harshly spoke to hide his pain,
"But what's been said is over much,
Upon that subject, we'll not touch"*

---

*He never mentioned it again nor (prudently) did we; but from another source learned that she *eloped* with a young and powerful Chief of another and *distant* tribe. She became infatuated with him while he at times was visiting her father, concerning tribal matters. Her *duplicity* embittered our old guide against the whole Indian Race and he became its implacable foe. He led a wild life on the frontier and excelled as a Buffalo hunter and Indian fighter. Rising to a captain's command in the war between the states, he rendered efficient service to the government by his knowledge of Indian warfare and great plains of the West at that time.

Should we be found in this old den,
Surrender not, but die like men,
As fer myself, I'll git a few,
Before I bid this world *adieu.*

The days ahead of me, dear boys,
Are few to count, and fewer joys,
But e'er they end, I'd like to find
The VERY ONE, who put me blind.

I shore would quickly *douse his glim,*
If ever I git sight of him.
And if I knowed that he's out thar,
I'd go right now and lift his har.

Them Injuns claim we have no right,
To this their land, so us they fight,
And when white men, in hunts engage,
It shorely makes them heathens rage.

You asked me once, Why that *Stampede?*
It was the noble (?) redman's deed—
Back many miles they made the charge,
Upon that herd, you saw so large.

And scairt the critters (plain to see)
Over on the *Arickaree,*
And doin' it, they made such fuss,
They run 'em over onto us."

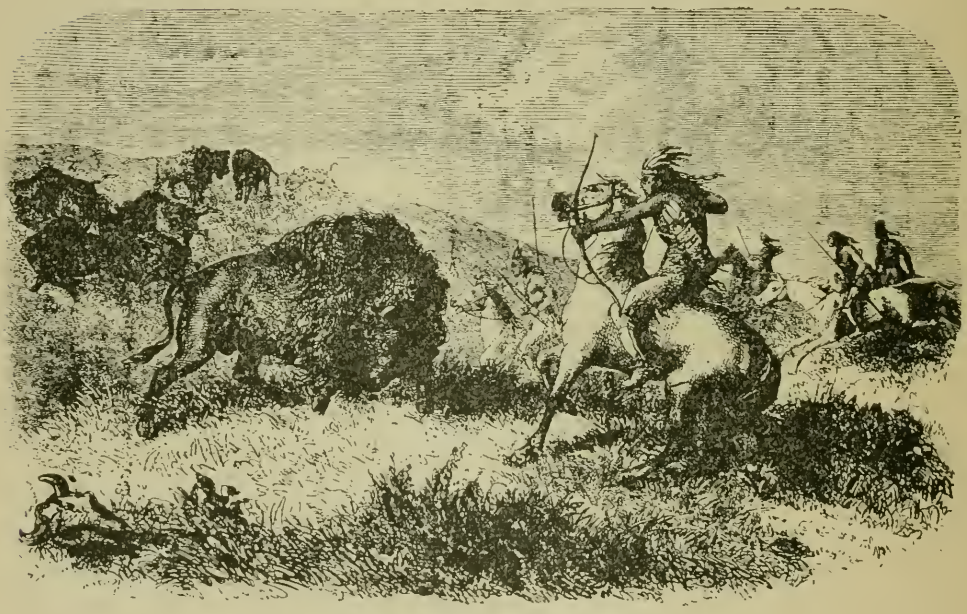
* * * * *

By this time night was falling fast—
'Twas growing dark within the den,
The roar of guns had ceased at last,
And we were tired and hungry men.

Old Captain Bang then rose, and said,
"We must have somethin' now to eat,
Since early morn, we have'nt fed,
And you are both worn out complete."

'Worn out?' ah! we were *sick* and *tired,*
And scarcely able to stand up,
That *strenuous* day, just 'bout expired,
Had furnished us a bitter cup.

I could have eaten *a raw mule,*
It seemed to me *I was so faint,*
I scarce could rise from the old stool,
Whereon I mourned out my complaint.



"It was the Noble (?) Red-Man's Deed."

"Them hosses boys I cla'r forgot,
I left 'em in that old stockade,
Run, down and see, fer like as not,
The *redskins* on 'em made a raid.

I'll have some supper, for you sure,
When you come back upon the hill,
And that will all your troubles cure,
When you have et it to your fill.

I've cut from out a buffalo,
The finest steak you ever et,
'Twas just about ten hours ago—
The time you lads will not forget.

We'll camp close by them critters, killed
By me, before that big stampede—
In servin' wild meat, I am skilled,
And you shall have *one great big feed.*"

Thus spoke our hardy Pioneer,
Then as he left us there, he said:
"Them skunks have went, you needn't fear,
Them thar thets left, fer they air dead."

CANTO V

An half hour later we returned,
From the stockade, hard by the stream,
And on the hill a hot fire burned,
Which cooked a meal "*that was a dream.*"

Full justice can't be done in verse,
To such repast: such *tender steak!*
Such *juicy steak!!* No rich man's purse,
Could purchase better; and the cake,

Made of corn-meal and baked on coals—
Those glowing coals! yes, angel food,
I'd eaten, and the sweetest rolls
E'er baked; yet nothing *half so good,*

Had ever passed within my lips—
It thrilled me to my finger tips;
Indeed both, were most nourishing,
With clear cold water from a spring.

I quickly lay upon the grass,
And stretched my feet toward the fire,
Nor cared for what *might come to pass*—
To sleep, was my *one great desire.*

I heard the wolves' discordant howl,
  Along the stream not far away,
Also the mountain lion's growl,
  As he was feasting on his prey.

From fear of wild men, or wild beast,
  Henceforth I was to it *immune;*
O'ercome by *fatigue* and the *feast*—
  Was wrapped in slumber, very soon.

Next morning, Captain Bang prepared,
  A duplicate, of night before,
For breakfast; but, for it I cared
  Nothing—my appetite was poor.

We went out where the fight had raged—
  Where Siou and Pawnee warriors bled,
And for sometime, we were engaged,
  In looking 'round among their dead.

A tomahawk was here and there,
  Some bows and arrows (strings were gone),
A scalp or two, with long black hair,
  Some useless guns, still further on.

Breech-clouts, robes, blankets, feathers, beads,
  And necklaces, of bears claws made.
Some moccasins among the weeds,
  And *tepee poles,* of every grade.

One Indian among some trees,
  Where he had crawled, our Captain found,
His tribe, he said was the Pawnees—
  It seemed his, was a mortal wound.

He asked our guide, to give him drink—
  'Twas very faint, he was so weak,
He was just hovering, on the brink
  Of the beyond—could hardly speak.

But the old man his language knew,
(Could speak it as his mother tongue,)
Down to the stockade then he flew,
And wide, the keg's old faucet flung.

And while he was away, I ran
Down to a spring, beside the stream—
Got some water, in a *tin can*
(That measured grain for our guides' team.)

But Captain Bang was back, when I
Returned, to quench that poor man's thirst;
Poured down his throat some of his "Rye"—
Which he "allowed, would be best, first."

And then I gave him water—pure
As God gave it, to *every* Race,
And for a time, we felt quite sure,
That he'd survive; but soon, his face

Gave evidence, his end was near;
He looked intently, at our guide,
But as his words were hard to hear—
Old Captain Bang knelt by his side.

The Pawnee said, "I fight with you,
Some long ago, down further East,
It was on river, Little Blue,
Where tribe was holding a big feast.

The pale-face take our land and game,
We have no place wherein to live,
My tribe is nothing now—but name,
But all is *past, I will forgive.*

Great Spirit calls me now; and soon
My tribe on earth, will not be found;
'Twill not be very many moon,
'Till meet, on *our own* hunting ground.

You now heap scalp me for that eye,
I take—from you in fight—that—day,
My—squaw and—pappoose both—have die,
And—I—with—them—shall—be—away."

His lips were dumb, his eyes were closed,
(Our Captain gently raised his head)
At once his stalwart form, reposed
In, *dignity,* and—he was dead.

As he lay there, his mighty frame,
Bespoke the strength, of once his tribe,
These "Plains" were his, so was the game,
He, at his death, tried to describe.

We felt condemned! He had complained
Of great wrongs borne by the red men,—
Far back as when the Caesars reigned,
They owned this land—and NOW as THEN.

God's Word contains a better law,
Than mortals make for life's short span,
Which, by compare, we clearly saw,
"Man's inhumanity to man."

We briefly there, in silence knelt,
While tears a down, our faces ran,
For, in Death's presence, we three felt,
That this was our own brother man.

We buried him beside the stream,
Where weeping-willows sadly wave;
And where the fire-flies' nightly gleam,
Lit up our pathway, by his grave.

Old Captain Bang, was changed all o'er,
And 'mong the hunters, it was rife,
"That, beside that lone grave, he *swore,*
He ne'er would take a human life."

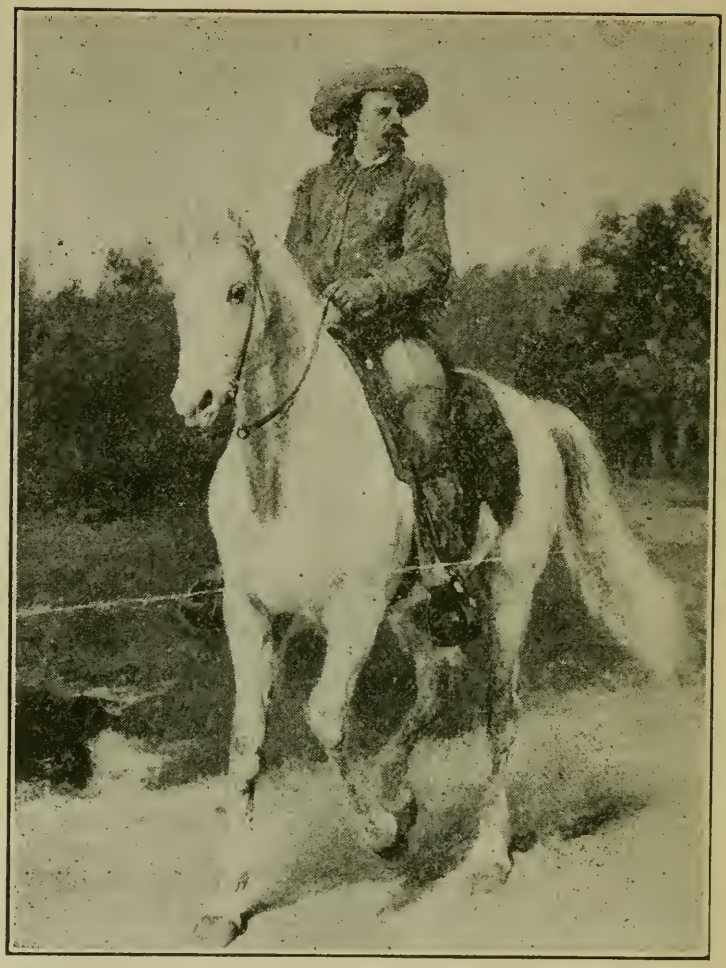
Soon afterward our brave old guide
"Passed in *his* checks." In sleep profound,
He, with his *"Best Friend"* by his side,
Awaits *"Some happy hunting ground."*

* * * * *

You ask what of that *"Treasure,"* found
In that old den, far under ground?
Oh! that was nothing you would crave—
It was a counterfeiter's cave.

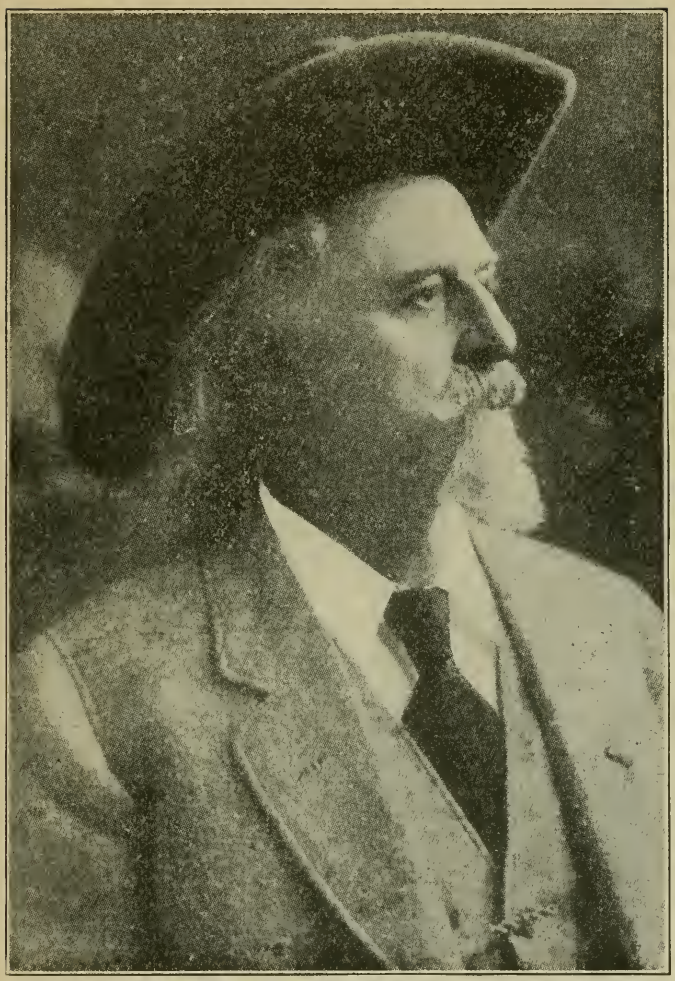
The end of my *first* Buffalo Hunt.

BUFFALO BILL ON HORSEBACK.



William Frederick Cody was born in Scott County, Iowa, February 26, 1846. His father was killed in the "Border War" in Kansas. He was a pony express rider in 1860 and 1861 and a government scout and guide and a member of the Seventh Kansas Cavalry from 1861 to 1865. March 6, 1886, he married Miss Louisa Frederici. Mr. Cody contracted to furnish the Kansas Pacific railway with all the buffalo meat required to feed the laborers engaged in construction and in eighteen months, 1867 and 1868, he killed 4,280 buffaloes, earning the name "Buffalo Bill," by which he is best known. He was a government scout and guide from 1868 to 1872, serving in operations against the Sioux and Cheyennes; was a member of the Nebraska Legislature in 1872 and joined the Fifth Cavalry as a scout in 1876. In the battle of Indian Creek he killed Yellow Hand, a Cheyenne chief, in a hand-to-hand fight. From 1883 to 1913 he was at the head of a Wild West show. He was judge advocate general of the Wyoming National Guard.

Buffalo Bill's Latest Photograph



Col. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) died January 10th, 1917, in Denver, and his body was placed in a receiving vault until Sunday, June 3rd, when it was transferred to its last resting place in a grave blasted from solid rock on top of Lookout Mountain, twenty miles from Denver.

More than 10,000 people went from Denver to Lookout Mountain by automobile and electric train. For hours before the ceremony at the grave there was a steady procession of automobiles winding up the mountain side toward the summit. Several thousand persons who had gone by trolley to Golden, at the foot of the mountain, climbed steep trails or trudged along the automobile road to Wildcat point, where the burial was held.

The ceremony at the grave was not elaborate, only the Masonic ritual being used under the direction of the Golden Masonic lodge. A delegation of Knights Templar from North Platte, Neb., where Col. Cody held his membership, acted as an escort.

The three following articles called "Machine Verse" were written for the Author's Drug Journal, and published therein. The author of this book is a pharmacist, and these three are his observations in that profession. They have no bearing on the Buffalo Hunt, but are thrown in for good count for his brother druggists.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

The worn physician laid his head upon his pillow clean and white. "Here's where I rest," he drowsily said. "I'll have a good sound sleep tonight." And 'mid his drap'ry cool and soft, he dreamed of sweet Elysian bowers, but soon his 'phone rang loud and oft, which called him from its scented flowers.

"Is this the Doctor Quickam's 'phone?"

"Yes; this is Doctor Quickham, too."

"Well, come at once, for I'm alone and near death's door. —Phil Mickadoo."

The doctor sprang into his car and cut the air ten miles, or more. The night was dark, for every star was hidden by the clouds all o'er.

And soon the rain began to fall with blinding lightning all around; the stoutest heart it would appall, but Mickadoo's the doctor found, and soon had him in quiet sleep. To be prepared, should Phil grow worse, he watched the hours slowly creep to morning's dawn, as would a nurse. The patient woke and then he cried: "Your *face* looked like an *angel's then*, I'll *double pay* you for that ride. How glad I am that you came out and *saved my life* right here last night, for there was no one hereabout to *help me* in my *awful plight*. And now, dear doctor, just as *soon* as I can ride down to the town I sure will *crave it as a boon* to pay you *fully, spot cash down*." * * *

Twelve months or more had passed and Phil, who'd often sought the *"lower levels,"* said when the doctor *sued* his bill, "His old *face looked* just like—Mexico."

The inference we may draw from this—to leave out here 'twould be amiss—Chameleons can change their hue, and—*so did Phil his point of view.*

THE TRAVELING QUACK.

Old Doctor Quackem has come down—got the parlor at our hotel. Now all *Neurotics* of the town will flock to him to make 'em well. Testimonials by the score, of those he's cured in days that's gone, are lying thick, on each porch floor, or scattered out upon the lawn.

They tell the tooth-less, old and gray "While there is life there still is hope," (if they will only come dock's way) and take a portion of his dope. So out comes Limpy on his staff and old Dad Wheezy down the pike, and old Miss Grouchy had to laugh to see the dozens his way hike.

"How's your bowels? Let's see your tongue?" then feels their pulse (looks very wise). When all these changes he has rung, then to his old valise he flies. Some of their necks he fills with swill and others—stuff, in powdered form; to some weak sister gives a pill, "which is to keep her stomach warm." "Elixir of eternal youth," the doctor (?) says, and when he's done, although his language is uncouth, the hearts of all he there has won.

Old Quackem now presents his bill. To each it is, *"Ten dollars, please."* His liquid dope—*aqua distil*—powders and pills—*limburger cheese.*

Our old Neurotic's hard earned plunks, Dock Quackem quickly stores away. His smiles and thanks bestows in chunks and bids them one and all "good day." Old Barnum was quite right. He said, *"The people like to be humbugged."* They rush to strangers to be bled, especially, when to be drugged.

THE DRUGGIST HELD UP.

"Throw up your hands," the robber said, as he drew forth his gun, and pointed at the druggist's head, who had not time to run. "I've waited long outside your door to catch you all alone; the rushing traffic in this store must make your drawer groan. I am a Count in this disguise and I am come to wed an heiress in New York; surprise now seems to fill your head. But I must have a little mon, to last till I am tied to her vast wealth; tomorrow's sun will show her as my bride. That wad in your cash register, you must transfer to me, and to oblige me now, kind sir, *move with celerity.* Did you not hear? Step lively, now, or by Saint George I'll shoot. Delay means death to you I vow—*come, out quick with that loot!*"

The deaf old druggist put one hand behind his north-east ear, and shouted: "I can't understand, your words I fail to hear. Come nearer, so that I may catch the import of your woe, or better still, on this pad, scratch it down, so I may know, then I will help you all I can—you've come to the wrong place, for this is not a pawn shop, man; now what's that on your face?" The hold-up was thrown off his guard, the pad took with a frown; the druggist promptly landed hard and knocked the rascal down. Then his artillery he took and tossed it to one side and sent some *"sweet words"* by the *"Crook"* to his intended bride. He pasted him a few times more, when "hold-up" gained his feet, and straightway shoved him to the door and kicked him in the street. A Cop arrived about that time (for Coppers never fail to come along—after the crime) and took that pad to jail.

Moral:—Now foot-pads, you should all refuse into such traps to fall. That druggist quickly planned a *Ruse—He was not deaf at all.*

CANADA NOW THE HOME OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST BUFFALO HERD

The largest herd of buffalo in the world is now owned by Canada.

They form a picturesque group as they roam over the national reserve set apart for them near Wainwright, a city that has sprung up 125 miles east of Edmonton, Alberta.

Canadians recognized the need of action if the bison were to be preserved, and before Americans realized it they had purchased the entire herd of 600 from Michael Pablo of Montana, who had protected them on his ranch near Ravalli.

HISTORY OF HERD

The history of this herd, now the largest in the world, dates back to 1873, when a Pend d'Reille Indian captured four little bison calves by cutting them out of a stampeded herd on the Flathead reservation in Montana.

The Indian in question gave them to the Mission of St. Ignatius, where they were kept as pets and became as domesticated as ordinary cattle. They gradually increased in number, until, in 1884, there were thirteen head, and, finding the care of them too great a tax, the mission decided to sell them. Ten head were bought for $250 apiece by Pablo, who was shrewd enough to see that specimens of what was even then almost an extinct animal would eventually become very valuable.

PABLO MADE A FORTUNE.

The herd increased under his supervision, and in a few years it became possible to sell specimens at high prices.

In 1906, Hon. Frank Oliver, then Canadian minister of the interior, obtained from the dominion government an option on the 600 head, and they were bought for $200,000. Today the herd numbers 2,077.

RANGE OF 107,000 ACRES.

Although kept within the boundaries of the reserve the bison can hardly be said to be in confinement. Their stamping ground covers an area of 107,000 acres—165 square miles. It is twenty-five miles in an air line the longest way across. A wire fence eight feet high and seventy-three miles long encloses it.

The park is truly a buffalo paradise. The grounds bear every evidence that in other days they have been a favorite haunt of the monarchs of the plains. Everywhere are outlines of old buffalo trails and wallows.

"Almost sure death to one who runs in a stampede; stand by your guns!"

"We got away with movements swift."

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